

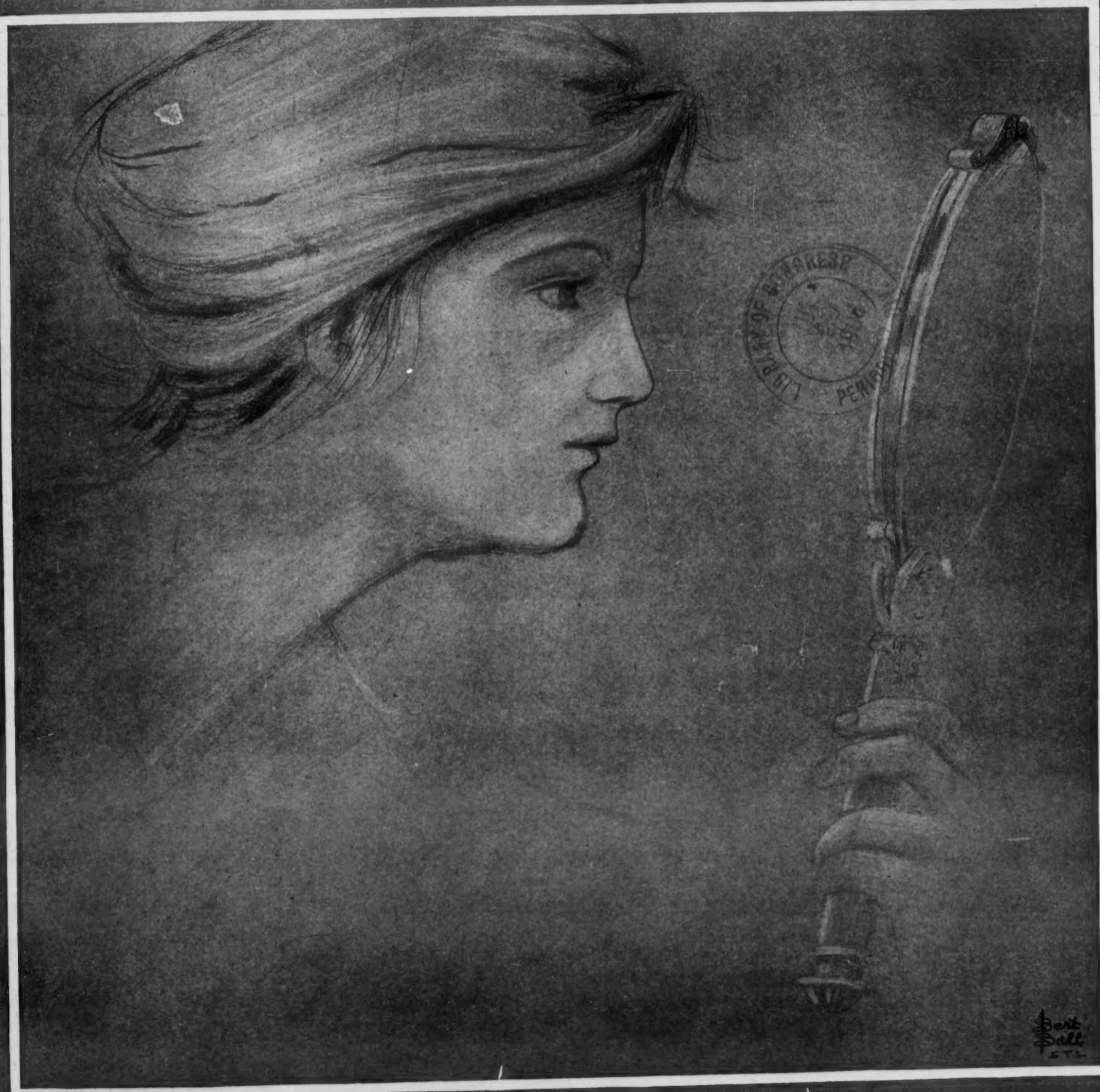
THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906.

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THE MIRROR

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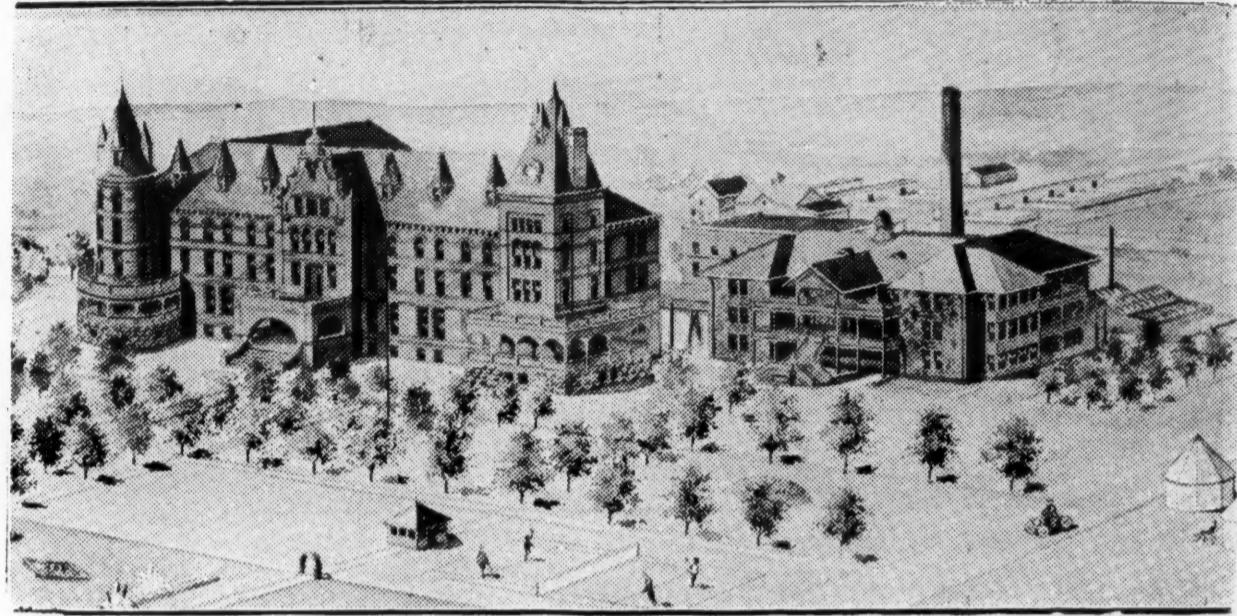


THE MIRROR

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East St. Louis Gazette, East St. Louis, Ill.
East St. Louis Publishing Co., East St. Louis, Ill.
Enterprise Addressing Co., n. e. cor. Second and Pine sts.
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Feldbush-Bowman Printing Co., 712 St. Charles st.
Fleming, A. R., Printing Co., 204 Olive st.
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Gast, Aug., Bank Note and Litho Co., Twenty-first and Morgan sts.
Gast-Paul, Twenty-first and Morgan.
Gerber Printing Co., 309 Locust st.
Great Western Printing Co., 513 Elm.
Gould Directory Co., 316 N. Eighth st.
Haps, John, National Stock Yards, Ill.
Harford Company, 117 Locust st.
Harlan, J. M., Madison, Ill.
Hart, Thomas, 115 N. Eighth st.
Harris Publishing Co., 417 Washington ave.
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The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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THE MIRROR

Reflections

Our Highly Moral City

HOW about a moral quarantine against Pittsburgh? It is the modern American Lesbos, Capri, Lampsacus and Sodom combined—to read about it in the papers of other cities. Really there are other cities just as bad. St. Louis is not in the list only because the rich men here love their money too well to part with it even in gratification of their vices. The vices are here, of course, but ours is a lot of cheap-skate *viveurs*, who flatter themselves that they are moral when they are only measly mean. We'd be just as *coloratura* in our wickedness out here—those of us who have money—as the rich are elsewhere, if the grand manner of giddiness didn't cost too much. Even yet the first great crime and folly a man can be guilty of in St. Louis is in spending his money for things that can't be considered collateral. This is, of course, virtue, of a sort. We must applaud it, as far as it goes, and yet there is one thing worse to love than wine, women and song, and high play, and lavish folly, and that is to love money. That atrophies and kills and damns more souls than can be chalked up to the lost account of spending money, however foolishly or sinfully. Yes, St. Louis, and especially rich St. Louis, is very moral indeed. It is also unaesthetic, unintelligent, stingy and dull. If a rich St. Louisan's passions run away with him he always keeps tight enough grip on the reins to deflect them so that they'll run into something cheap. This is the MIRROR's answer to a smug communication received last Saturday in which a "Subscriber" calls upon the editor to "celebrate the purity of St. Louis as contrasted with the putrescence of other cities of greater and lesser prominence in the country."

How'd you like to be the ice—no; how'd you like to be the insurance adjuster in San Francisco?

Greed Blinded People

THE best comment we have seen on our Judge O'Neill Ryan's decision that a creditor cannot be compelled to pay his obligations to a Trust, is that it is a decision that will have the effect of making the Trusts more popular with a large proportion of the public. This comment is from the *Appeal To Reason*, and it shows that Socialism has at least the saving grace of humor and really puts the blame for the conditions it would change where it belongs—upon the selfishness and cupidity of the individuals who make up the public. Incorporated, consolidated, merged greed is only individual greed in accumulated esurienty. The trouble is that everybody is "looking for the best of it," playing for every advantage, reaching for marked cards and inside information to do up the other fellow singly or in the mass. Shall we ever eradicate this from humanity? Not at least in any near century. But we can eradicate its worst feature by preventing the giving of the marked cards, the loaded dice, the inside information, to the few by means of privilege under the law. We can fight it out if we are all left equal, but the many won't get their share so long as the laws are twisted so as to stack the cards and cog the dice for those who are cunning enough to see the percentage in their favor. We don't object to a man getting rich. We do object to his getting rich through laws which enable him to tax our toil and divert to himself the proceeds of our labor. And chief of all the means of taxing our toil

and deflecting our earnings into the pockets of the few is the monopoly of the land whence all wealth flows. Land nationalization will render easy the nationalization of everything else—renders it inevitable and of necessity, in fact. The people in their greed don't see the main point—that the land belongs to them and that in the grabbing of land they have been deprived of their patrimony. The land must be given back to the people as a condition precedent to the beginning of justice in government.

PRESIDENT FORMAN of the Council appears to be the original "Ham" what am.

Bum Law Against a Critic

A NEW YORK court justifies the Theater Trust exclusion of *Life's* critic, Metcalfe, from its playhouses, on the ground that a theater is exclusively a private enterprise. The critic as a servant of the public, serving a public interest, in commenting upon the drama, has no right to enter any theater if the proprietor or manager does not wish to admit him. Well; let the newspaper men utterly cease to write about the theaters and we shall see what will become of the theater as an exclusively private enterprise. Let the theaters reach the public only through their paid advertising and we shall see how they fare. It is only because the press has regarded the theater as a public and semi-educational institution that theater affairs have been written up until they have made a public for the theater. Let the theaters advertise like the department stores and get as little free write-ups and where would they be? And if the theaters are private enterprises exclusively, let the cities take the firemen the public pays for off duty in the theaters and let the proprietors pay for such precaution against panic or fire. If a man were put out of a theater for disorderly conduct the contention of the Trust might hold good, but that a man should be barred from the theaters because his criticism of plays and players and the management's general catering in the matter of plays is quite a different thing. Any decent person in a decent condition has a right to enter any place admission to which is offered the public on certain set terms. The man who bars a man's entrance to such a place thereby attaches a stigma to that man as indicating belief in his unfitness to associate with decent people. Whatever the courts may say, no theater manager can without incurring responsibility for damages exclude from his theater any person who is not disreputable or not likely to be offensive or disturbing to the other people assembled in the place. If the attraction at a play house is offered all the people of good repute in a community, the exclusion of any person implies his lack of repute and such implication amounts to a defamation of character. If the lack of good repute cannot be established and it cannot be shown that the exclusion was in the interest of the comfort of the greater number of other persons attending the place of assemblage, and the excluded one has done nothing that would constitute him a nuisance or an annoyance, the barred person can recover damages. The MIRROR believes that a theater is not exclusively a private enterprise, that it is public when the public is invited to partake in its operation; that any one has a right to enter a theater thrown open to the public, on the same terms as the rest of the public, so long as his presence will not constitute an unpleasant impression or effect upon the assemblage or the greater part thereof. The MIRROR belies that a critic's animadversions against a manager of a

theater or his criticism on plays or players does not warrant his exclusion from the house to which the general public is invited on certain conditions which the critic meets as well as and in the same way as all the others. A better judge in a higher court will almost certainly reverse this finding in the case brought by *Life's* critic, Mr. Metcalfe. In the case of excluding negroes there is no true parallel. Negroes, it may be argued, are offensive to most white theater goers and they may be excluded on the theory of the greater good to the greater number, but a critic is not offensive to an audience and, besides, he cannot be offensive to the actors until he has criticised, which he cannot have done before he entered the theater and saw the play. The MIRROR thinks the law applied and laid down in this case of Metcalfe's is "bum" law, and will be so declared in final adjudication of the cause upon appeal.

♦♦

Sealing Its Doom

THE testimony of all the Terminal Association's officers and friends is as convincing a case against that monopoly as the wildest ravings of the "free bridgers." The various roads and companies in the combine throttle the city's commerce at every turn and their only excuse is that there's no law to prevent them. On the face of the testimony as recorded there is not one chance in one hundred that the Terminal Association will not be dissolved under the law that Judge Thayer laid down in the Northern Securities merger case. The deeper the investigators dig the more proof they will get that the Terminal monopoly is against public policy and in violation of the laws regulating traffic in interstate commerce. The *Post-Dispatch*, which has led the fight on this monopoly for ten years, now seems destined to win out triumphantly, and when it does so we hope that it will be generous enough to acknowledge that even its own great efforts would not have been successful but for the splendid services rendered in behalf of the people by Mr. E. C. Crow, ex-Attorney-General of Missouri. Crow's handling of the case against the combination has been masterly and has put him away up near the head of the list of great local lawyers.

♦♦

Bryan's Dull Travel Letters

WELL, anyhow, we don't have to say that we think Mr. Bryan's travel letters are real literature. They are not. They are punk. They lack original observation. They reek of the Guide Book and the Encyclopedia. Mr. Bryan has no descriptive power. His specialty is dialectic and didactic. He doesn't appear from his writings to have met any people. He has only seen problems. And he hasn't seen them vividly as Herodotus or Hakluyt, or Marco Polo. His travel letters, which appear here in the *Republic*, do not enhance his literary reputation. He should leave that sort of thing to Frank G. Carpenter or any other person who likes to rearrange the materials of Baedeker. Still this is not to say that this work disqualifies him for the Presidency. Remember how Cleveland pillaged the Britannica and the Gazetteer when he made his first speechifying trip West. Mr. Bryan's inspiration is subjective, not objective, auto-genetic not heterogenetic. He writes of every place and the things thereof as if what he says had been settled upon long before his visit. There is no discovery in his work. It isn't illuminated with any new light or old light from a new angle. In no case does he get into his subject. Always and ever he stands off from it and writes about it—writes about it as with a desperate determination to write whether or

no he cares about the subject. He doesn't warm to anything he sees, and above all the life that he views seems never to touch his own. As a travel correspondent Mr. Bryan writes like a wooden man. There's no ichor in his ink. He's as solemn as was Talmage, but without Talmage's enthusiasm. As an economist Mr. Bryan may do, or as a moralist; but he is not gifted to put life into his letters.

♦♦

Ho, Gassoway!

ISN'T it about time that Uncle Gassoway Davis should be heard from as to the next Democratic candidate for President? We musn't forget the old sport, who but for the fact that he was running with Parker would have beaten the Esopus man at the polls. Parker was too heavy a load for spry old Uncle Gassoway. We will not stand for an eclipse of Gassoway by another nomination of the inevitable Adlai who was the axman under Cleveland during his first term. Let us hear more of and from Uncle Gassoway the octogenarian sprinter.

♦♦

Taggart and Cella

TOM TAGGART, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is under suspicion of sharing in the gambling profits at French Lick Springs. If a fine keen eye for a gambling graft is one of the requisites of National Democratic leadership we think St. Louis has a man who can beat Taggart in Louis A. Cella, who has been the Democratic boss of St. Louis, through a proxy, for about five years and has moreover a nice grip on the Republican situation as well. Mr. Cella is living in high hope, too, of having his man nominated for Governor of Missouri next time. We are not unduly infatuated with the boss-ship of Mr. Cella, through the viziership of Mr. Hawes, but we feel sure that in getting the money he can beat Mr. Taggart. Roulette and faro and baccarat and such are the sorts of gaming with which Mr. Taggart is supposed to have connection. Mr. Cella is more universal. A craps rake off looks good to him. A percentage of the "drop case" or even a "prize soap" game is not to be scorned. "Wheels of fortune," fixed for cappers to win and suckers to lose are not beyond his ken. The racing game is sweet for him when he owns the track. The books and most of the owners, trainers and jockeys owe him money and incline to give him results satisfactory to his purse. The big bucket shop that trims 'em neat and clean is also his delight. Mr. Taggart is supposedly great at games of chance, but he fails of greatness in recognizing the element of a chance for the other fellow. In the Cella scheme of chance he leaves nothing to chance for the other fellow. A dice box for him must be fixed. And his head of the police force for some years saw to it that the ballot box was also fixed as to its results in Cella's favor. Mr. Taggart cannot hope to compare or compete with our Mr. Cella at either the gambling rake-off or the political fix-up. Mr. Taggart never could do with Indianapolis what Cella did with St. Louis, or with French Lick what Cella did and continues to do with St. Louis county. Mr. Cella is without superior or peer. This is the chorus of testimony from every race track, faro bank, bucket shop or yegg hang-out in the county. No one ever "had" the police as he "had" them in St. Louis for the five or six years that came to an end with the accession of Folk to power in Missouri. And Cella has the police yet in St. Louis, under cover. Some hundreds of St. Louis police still are under indirect orders from the

old boss of the force. Enemies of Cella and of Hawes in St. Louis politics still get a shade the worst of it from the police. Cella and Hawes are still strong near the head of the force and certain Captains still do their bidding, even ignoring the political friends of Hawes and Cella who are running hand-books, crap games, etc. Taggart hasn't the genius to protect his friends under Hanley that Cella has under Folk. Taggart hasn't the police as Cella and Hawes have them here. We think that Mr. Cella should be made Mr. Taggart's successor as chairman of the National Committee of the Democratic party, now that the Dockery-Cook-Hawes crowd of Missouri are taking all the credit of launching the Bryan boom.

♦♦

There is a whole batch of things "up to" Circuit Attorney Sager. We think Circuit Attorney Sager is "up to" the requirements of the situations that are "up to" him. We like his deliberation because it seems premonitory of cyclonic perturbations when the ferment of thought shall effloresce into action. Mr. Sager does not allow his zeal to carry him away. He does not want the ice trust to evaporate under his great radiation of heat. He wants to soak the ice trust under cold law. We wait patiently upon Mr. Sager.

♦♦

Boycotting Stone

Wishart, Mo., July 12th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Have we a senior Senator from Missouri? Seems we chose one some years ago, but we never hear of him.

DEMOCRAT.

We have a senior Senator, and, according to all accounts, a good one. Of course we never hear of him. When the newspapers criticized him he sassed back viciously. Now the newspapers say nothing about him, when they can possibly avoid it, unless to belittle and discredit him. Senator Stone is boycotted in every one of the great newspapers of the State. That's why we never hear of him. Stone does a lot of work in the Senate. He does work that tells, too. The Washington correspondents of the big dailies in Missouri are simply instructed to say nothing about it, though all of them testify privately to Stone's efficiency. Maybe this sort of thing accounts in great measure for some of the recent big damage verdicts against St. Louis newspapers in the country districts.

♦♦

Our Jim

DAVID R. FRANCIS for United States Senate, eh? Well, if we are to have a plutocratic Senator and an ex-gold Democrat and a man who has swing and pull and drag with the big moneyed interests, why not let us have a jolly good one? What's the matter with James Campbell? He has done something for the boys of high and low degree. He has been a disburser to the party and not exclusively a receiver. It was genial James that gave us Rolla Wells for Mayor. It was he who financed the gold movement and forced the fight in Missouri in 1896, when all David R. Francis did was take Hoke Smith's job and then try every possible way to keep from making a speech in the State. James Campbell was the Gold Democrat in Missouri. If any man of that element is to be United States Senator, he is the man. His money elected as his manoeuvering nominated Wells. And as for recent conversion to the cause of Bryan it was Mr. Campbell who came back from New York two months ago and tipped Bryan as the "comer" before

THE MIRROR

Mr. Francis thought of going to Jefferson City to "sound the slogan" for the Nebraskan. If the men who think they can land Francis can land anybody, Campbell is the man they will have the best chance with. What's the use of giving the Senatorship to an office boy when it can be handed to the "big smoke" of the gold faction? Mr. Campbell, too, would look like a Senator. Put a toga on him and he would be an ideal model for some classical artist's presentation of a Roman statesman. If Mr. Campbell is, as we strongly suspect, backing Mr. Francis for the Senatorship, we can but repeat what we have often said before, that Mr. Campbell's modesty is not only evil in that it eclipses his own worth, but it debars his fellow citizens from the unhampered contemplation of those qualities which entitle him to the leadership in Missouri politics any old time that the honors are to go to those who are distinguished for statesmanship that has its origin and its fructification of functioning in the realm of high finance. We call the attention of the crowd that is manoeuvering for Francis to Mr. James Campbell. He isn't a candidate who after keeping a cabby out all night in the rain will hand the Jehu a tip of ten cents—an incident that in itself should be prophetic of certain disappointments for those who are aligning themselves under the Francis banner. But maybe J. C. is to finance D. R. F.'s campaign as he financed Rolla's for the Mayoralty, only to be turned on again. A very self-sacrificing man is Mr. Campbell. But he owes something to the people. He must jump into this Senatorial race at once. He must open a bucket shop and give a fountain to his native town in County Galway. Then he can easily employ a political valet like Edward Fourflush Goltra to "stomp" the earth and churn up the sea in New York harbor about the time Mr. Bryan comes home. Does not Mr. Campbell hear the Macedonian cry of the eleven men in this State who voted his Palmer & Buckner ticket?

♦♦

Appealing Mr. Cannon

UNCLE JOE CANNON may be in the Presidential race before long. He's a good, sturdy, hard-headed, homespun-clothed and cowhide-booted old chap, and his jaws close with a click when he says things and the country acquiesces when he does things. The Congressmen, to a man, are boomers for him, even those who denounce his tyranny. The farmers like the cut of his jib. There are so many points in favor of Uncle Joe that they make negligible the one point against him—his age. There is more of popular appeal in his *tout ensemble* than in that of any other man now being considered in connection with the Republican nomination—save and except only Mr. Roosevelt, who will not be a candidate under any contingency that may arise.

♦♦

Fisher's Law

JUDGE FISHER says the United Railways corporation, which underlay the late Transit Company and took over the Transit Company property, is not responsible for the judgments for damages obtained against the Transit Company. It is, unless all justice has gone crazy, pretty rotten law. If it holds good in the higher courts nothing will be easier than for one company to evade all its obligations by selling out to another composed mostly of the persons composing the original company. Judge Fisher's decision gives the groundwork for the establishment of a new art and science in high finance—the evasion of payments of just debts. The decision will intensify public sentiment in favor of municipal ownership of

the street car facilities of St. Louis. If the public service corporations can swindle the citizens by juggling themselves from one operating title to another, and all this on the basis of rights held by the companies but belonging to the citizens and inadequately compensated for, the city must take over the properties and operate them, not only for the realization of the best service to the public, but to the end that the citizen injured in the operation of the utilities may secure the simplest rudiments of justice. Judge Fisher deserves well of the corporations. It is fortunate that what Burke said is true; that you cannot indict a whole people. If it were not true then this community might be committed wholesale for contempt of court.

♦♦

The Missing Christ

WE often hear the question asked: Why are people losing religion? The answer is found in the preachers. Who can have much faith in a religion that is interpreted by a preacher like the fellow Hewson, whose divorce case, now a-trying here, shows him to be compact of ass and prig and selfish silliness? Or take the case of the other preachers consorting with the rich and fashionable at summer resorts and enjoying life while the poor, who were Christ's constant care, swelter and otherwise suffer. The preacher has too much of a soft snap these days to be regarded as a representative of the poor Christ. When you see the preacher most like Christ you don't see him up near the purple and fine linen. You find him stuffed away in some corner in semi-disgrace, as if he were out of time and tune with the organization by virtue of taking his Christianity too seriously from Christ. It begins to look as if the last place in which one must seek the Christ spirit is in the churches reared in His holy name. And when a preacher of Christ can treat his wife as the whipper-snapper Hewson appears to have treated his girl spouse, we wonder that professing Christian people continue to stand by such a person and tolerate his maunderings in the pulpit.

♦♦

Theory and Practice

THE highest theory and the most exalted practice in politics will meet and mingle when Col. W. J. Bryan is greeted upon his return to this country by a distinguished committee of reception upon which the Hon. Thomas E. Kinney of the Fourth Ward invincibles is an honored and honorable member.

♦♦

Socialism in Colorado

A DARING and picturesque thing was the nomination of W. D. Haywood for Governor of Colorado, while he is in jail charged with complicity in the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho in revenge for the latter's enforcement of law against the striking Federation of Miners. Debs was nominated for President while he lay in jail for defying government by injunction, but Haywood's case is more serious. He is accused chiefly upon the stool-pigeon testimony of Frank McPartland, the man who joined the Mollie Maguires and sent a dozen men to the gallows in Pennsylvania thirty years ago. The Socialists insist that Haywood, Moyer and other officers of the Federation have been "jobbed" in the interest of capitalists, and however that may be it is at least plain that the defendants were kidnapped and taken from Colorado into the Idaho jurisdiction in defiance of all their rights under the law as to extradition between the States and under the auspices of Pinkertons, "the janizaries of capital," a police force maintained beyond all authority of law by the mine owners. In the extent at least that their rights in this respect have been

ignored and then denied Haywood and his companions are, in no light sense, martyrs, and their treatment makes a strong presumption of their innocence in the minds of those who are convinced that the men have been deprived of the benefit of *habeas corpus*. There is no question that the long strike in which the murder of Steunenberg was a sort of afterclap, culminating a series of atrocities on both sides unparalleled in the history of labor troubles, has awakened the Socialists of the country as they have never been aroused before. The tyrannical perversion of laws, the abominable misuse of the military, the brazen mockery of justice and contempt of rights displayed by the gubernatorial, militia and judicial authorities, following on widespread corruption of the legislature and debauchery of the electorate in the interest of the mine owners, has made Socialists by the thousands. An immense fund for the defense of Haywood and Moyer has been raised by that remarkable paper *The Appeal To Reason*, published at Girard, Kansas, and the agitation from its sanctum by the editor, Mr. J. A. Wayland, is having the most far-reaching effect. It was in this paper, by the way, that Upton Sinclair's epoch-making story, the "Jungle," made its first appearance, serially. There are at least 300,000 weekly readers of *The Appeal To Reason*, who are told steadily, eloquently, that the fight for the lives of the Federationists is the fight that must usher in the new dispensation. From all over the land flows into Colorado help for the cause of the imprisoned men and support of the Socialist State ticket. The labor element in the State is believed to be almost solid for Haywood for Governor and the abominations of capitalistic rule in the State have impressed into line many farmers and others not usually to be classed with the Socialistic element. The State has long been a sort of capitalistic "rotten borough," in which the wealthy interests have outraged all the fundamental laws with regard to taxation, hours of labor, general rights of the public, and the corruption has been so flagrant and the wealthy lawlessness so glaring that good people are found justifying even the most exaggerated accusations of the deeds of organized labor as but a necessary application, in a community where other laws were abrogated, of the *lex talionis*. In this view of the situation, therefore, it is not surprising that many people have come to sympathize with the cause of the nominee for Governor of the Centennial State who lies in jail in Idaho, charged with deliberate assassination. *The Appeal To Reason* is making a stupendous fight for the imprisoned men. It has set Colorado afame and the Socialists are putting their most pervasive and persuasive campaigners into that State. It is certain that Haywood will poll an enormous vote for that State and that it will have a tremendous effect upon the political status of the two greater parties. The man McPartland, spy and informer, is being put forward effectively in all his despicability, and this taken in conjunction with the kidnapping, with Gen. Bell's ruthless overriding of civil law with his militia, with the notorious complaisance of judges in the will of the big capitalists, creates a feeling the intensity of which may possibly result in the Socialists becoming the paramount political force in the State. Debs is in the campaign heart and soul, and thousands of Socialists are putting up their quarters and halves and dollars for the cause. The Colorado election will be a critical one and upon the performance of the Socialists there at the polls may hang the fate of great policies of innovation in the older parties all over the nation. Socialism looms big upon the country in this picturesque and even tragic

campaign, and Socialists will doubtless gain from it an inspiration to renewed propagandism that will still further increase the vote of that party that has grown so startlingly in the last eight or ten years.

♦♦

The Man They Want

WE read and hear much about proceedings to secure an honest attempt to enforce law in St. Louis county. The trouble in St. Louis county is traceable directly to the fact that the Prosecuting Attorney of that subdivision has been in a sense the candidatorial friend of the patrons and backers and political protectors of dive-keepers, gamblers, etc. The Prosecuting Attorney of St. Louis county bore on his business card not long since the announcement that he was also the attorney for all the public service corporations in St. Louis county, specifying the corporations, too. The same gentleman was friendly with the race track outlaws who defied the enforcement of statutes against gambling on race tracks in St. Louis county. This is the man who must be removed if he cannot be induced to move against lawbreakers in a way promising some enforcement of law. This man's name is Roland B. Johnston. He is a candidate for re-election, having been nominated at a Republican primary in 1906, at which more votes were cast than were cast for the combined Republican and Democratic tickets at the election in 1904. It was folly for the friends of law and order to go after Sheriff Herpel. Johnston is the man they want and the man they ought to "get good and dead-to-rights." He is the man who can, if he will, see that law is enforced and lawbreakers honestly prosecuted. If he won't—*raus mit ihm!*

♦♦

PEOPLE who are looking for a new thing in stories will find it in Gelett Burgess' "The White Cat," in the August *Smart Set*. It is a story of a double personality in a pretty girl and is worked out with a nimble fancy and a certain suggestion as to woman's nature that makes it the feminine counterpart of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It comes very close to deserving classification with the psychological stories of Poe, Stevenson, Fitz James O'Brien, Wilkie Collins, even if it ends somewhat weakly on a note that narrowly misses farce.

♦♦

Store-Door Delivery

IF there is any one thing that the shippers of St. Louis want as an outcome of all this agitation over bridges, terminals, arbitraries, differentials and what not, it is a system of store-door delivery of freight, such as has long been established in London. Such a system some of the railroads entering here do not seem to want. So far as concerns a complaint that this store-door delivery, as it at present exists, is a monopoly, the answer is that such service is much better performed by a monopoly recognized as part of the terminal system than by competing companies having no arrangement with the railroads for the collection and allotment of the cost of service. There is no possibility of perfecting such a monopoly absolutely. Any shipper can have his freight hauled to and from the depots in East St. Louis or on this side by any teamster company or individual he may choose to select. Store-door delivery would greatly facilitate business and it is likely that one company having especial facilities through recognition by the railroads as itself a sort of connecting railway will be able to do the work cheaper than those independent teamsters. A transfer company that is a common carrier, it seems to this paper, can do the work

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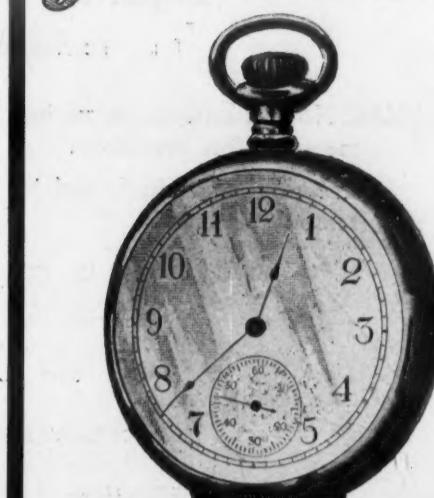
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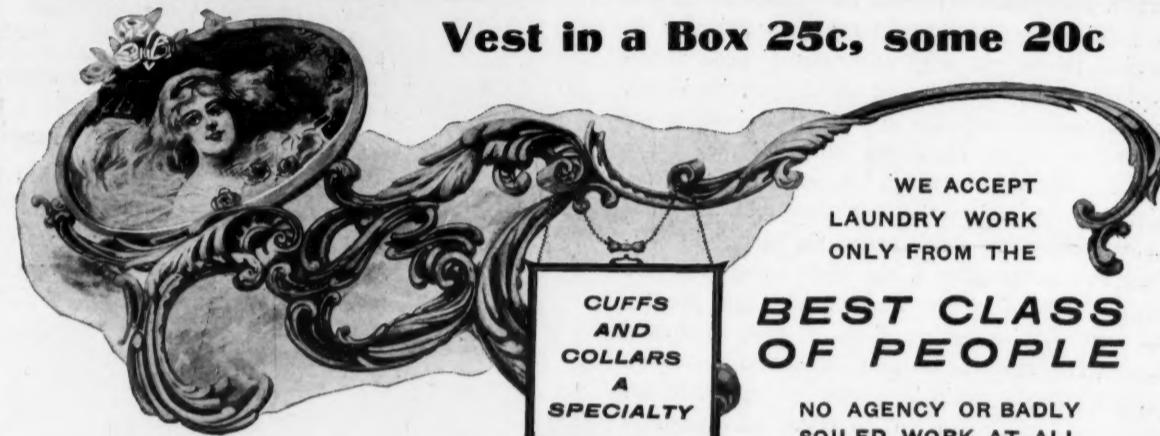
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quicker, cheaper and under guarantee of responsibility for loss or damage. Under no plan of terminal facilities or under no system of rating could the charge for drayage from the depot to the merchant's door be eliminated. The railroads will not provide for drayage. The best they can do is turn over the freight delivered at the depots to some drayage concern that it elects as responsible enough to entitle its bills of lading for receipt of freight to acceptance. Store-door delivery is desirable, but it cannot be had for nothing, nor can it be had save through agencies of delivery in which the roads on which the freight originates have confidence. The MIRROR does not see wherein there is any ground of complaint against the alleged, but really non-existent monopoly of the St. Louis Transfer Company. It renders a special necessary service. It gets freight from East St. Louis to stores on this side of the river cheaper and quicker than such freight can be landed at store-doors after the cars have been sent to this side of the river and unloaded in the congested freight yards here established. Teaming service of freight over the ferries beats the delivery of freight from the yards on this side by hours, and even days, at times. This fact as to less than car-load lots has led the MIRROR to proclaim that free ferries would be the proper relief for the small merchant whose freight comes to him mostly in those less than car-load lots. It is because ferries would facilitate store-door delivery that the MIRROR

has advocated their establishment, and for the further reason that the free ferries would enable the merchant, if he so wished, to send his own wagons with or for freight to the yards and depots on the East Side. Free ferries would give us store-door delivery on a big scale. Free ferries would be used by the St. Louis Transfer Company, the Columbia Transfer Company and by all the other teaming companies and individual teamsters. Freight sent to depots or stations by wagons before delivery from or to the railroad or shipper would only waste time. Freight delivery should be had from the merchant's door direct, without intermediary stations.

♦♦

Folk's Chances for President

THE MIRROR still thinks that Joseph Wingate Folk has a good chance for the Democratic nomination for President, notwithstanding the virulent epidemic of Bryanitis, which may not last two years. The MIRROR thinks Folk will look better and bigger to Democrats after the New York State election and the Congressional elections have been held. The MIRROR thinks that Folk's unavailability will not be finally decided on the word of a pack of more or less selfish, resentful, and discredited politicians fearful of losing the campaign contributions of the liquor interests and the anti-Union Labor Industrial Alliance. The interest of the people everywhere in Folk—you are jammed in a corner and asked about "that man Folk," no matter

in what city or hamlet you may drop off a train and register from St Louis—this interest cannot be choked off by the machine men setting up a cry for Bryan because they have found out from their Missouri congeners that Folk can't be used. The popularity of Folk cannot be overestimated. Popular everywhere but at home, someone says. Yes; but unpopular at home only because he has hurt some of us or our friends, who by their acts invited the hurt, because he has enforced laws that make for our Sunday discomfort or put some of our friends on the grand jury rack, or sequestered others of them for several years. Yet, even so, the politicians who were hurt or whose friends were hurt, are not a great number, and the people at large know why the politicians don't like Folk. In Missouri Folk would again defeat the politicians he exposed, in any appeal to the people. Folk is fully as popular as Bryan; mayhap, down deep, more so, as a doer, not a talker. The political elements, eminent and otherwise, that do not like the idea of an official who puts politicians in the penitentiary and who does not cater to the influence of the big interests, and who won't stand for "graft" as the end of political success, bribe-giving corporationists in political power and bribe-taking organization men—all these are against Folk and not at heart for Bryan, how raucously soever they proclaim their fealty to the Nebraskan. They will throw Bryan, if they get a chance. The Bryan outbreak has been concerted from Missouri. The Missouri "gang" has told the other State "gangs" how Folk treated the "gang" in Missouri and as gangism is the same everywhere the whole "machine" of the Democracy in the country has been working against Folk. It took up Bryan. Besides, Hearst scared the men who put up the money, and the machine politicians want no candidate the money is "agin," and no candidate who punishes grafters. The people all over the country know the mob of muckers in Missouri that has taken up Bryan, not that it loves him, but that it hates Folk more. The people are thinking of Folk more than the politicians or the subsidized papers will allow to be known. Mr. Bryan is well liked, but Mr. Bryan was well liked twice before and couldn't win. The people have had a sample of a doer in Roosevelt. They are looking, harder than the Democratic politicians suspect, for "more of the same," and Folk is a promise of that, with performance on which to predicate the promise. Yes; the MIRROR still thinks that Joseph Wingate Folk has a chance of being the Democratic nominee and that his chance is all the better because Mr. Bryan, only a week ago told George Harvey, of *Harper's Weekly*: "I sincerely hope that conditions and circumstances will be such as to make some one—the most available man other than myself—the next candidate for President on the Democratic ticket. I shall use my influence to accomplish the result so far as I am able to do so."

* *

Dreyfus Vindicated

DREYFUS' case will be immortalized in the medical books as a case of national hysteria. How a whole nation could go mad in hatred of a man for a thing he could not possibly have done; how he could have been convicted on testimony that did not even adumbrate the flimsiest circumstantial evidence; how the brave soldiers of France could have lent themselves to the cruelty and dishonor of the long lunacy; how a people could lionize an Esterhazy and degrade a Picquart in the face of the most patent facts damning one and vindicating the other; how a people with a sense of justice, of liberty, or humor could plunge into a mad orgie of Jew-baiting—these are things that

must be explained if at all by the alienists and neurologists. Dreyfus, they may tell us, was the reaction from Boulanger. We shall see too that the abolition of the Concordat came in reaction from Dreyfus, although the church element was anti-Dreyfusard. Dreyfus himself was a sort of commonplace figure in the matter, although he bore himself not without patience and dignity in bitter trial. But the case produced three heroes: Picquart, who stood for justice against the army fetish; Zola, whose cry for right will ring down the centuries with Voltaire's sublime stand for Calas; and Labori, the lawyer, who risked fame and fees by taking the unpopular side in the great struggle. It will be proved that the Dreyfus mania was nothing more than the manifestation in France of an insane fear of Jewish commercialism on one hand and of German militarism on the other. Only fear could have prompted such hate as the French had for Dreyfus. It was like the fear-hatred the English had for Napoleon in the latter part of the eighteenth century. But France has purged herself of fear of the Jews. She even no longer fears Rome. France is coming around to reason. And the leaven that is working France's mental and moral sanitation is—Socialism, which, in its purer form, casts out both hate and fear as being inconsistent with the Christian ideal of the brotherhood of man.

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Heavy cushion embroidered coin dots of white on pink and gray, black sprays on lacey white grounds, pink rings embroidered around white spots, champagne grounds ornamented with elaborate hemstitched stripes, and black and white embroideries.

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Few rich cinnamon browns, embroidered in white plaids and self-colored cluster dots; 44 inches wide.

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Let Cockrell Try It

SUPPOSE the Federal Court will not dissolve the Terminal Association. Suppose that the proposed free bridge will not affect freight rates as we have been led to understand, and indeed the free bridge won't count in the through trunk line rate which is the crux of the rate question. Then we shall still have the monopoly. Now the ideal monopoly of terminals would be a city-owned monopoly. That is at the bottom of the free bridge movement. But the city isn't prepared to issue bonds to the tune of \$100,000,000 to secure the monopoly. Therefore the next best thing is to accept the situation as it is and regulate the monopoly of this joint railroad service. Regulate it—but how? The method's at hand. The Interstate Commerce Commission can regulate every terminal rate at St. Louis under the recently passed rate-regulation law, since they are clearly interstate rates. So the situation is not hopeless. Indeed it is possible that the Interstate Commerce Commission may settle all our rate troubles without waiting for a dissolution of the Terminal Association by the courts or for a free bridge, which no one has designed or even located, and which will not solve the difficulty even when built. Put the matter up to the Interstate Commerce Commission by way of the Missouri member Francis Marion Cockrell.



ALBERT COOK

Kindly Caricatures No. 65.

LEON HARRISON

KEEN, inquisitive, alert, yet with a certain unctuous joy in his own intellectuality, Rabbi Leon Harrison is racially typical, though intensively modern. Jew he is in his innermost fiber, but with the addition of a Yankeeism that seems a little misplaced in blend with the more antique tones of character. The most popular pulpit orator in St. Louis, Dr. Harrison can hardly be said to be a

theologian. He is not one of the God-intoxicated, after the manner of the rapt Spinoza. Little enough is he of the mystic, though he has a knack of the poet and at times when he is preaching at white heat there is that in his manner which suggests to you an autohypnosis of delight in his own rhetoric.

There are few ministers in St. Louis who preach with the passion of Dr. Harrison, a passion that has

in it all of the supreme sensuousness of joy that comes of artistic expression. He is no theologaster. He does not deal with the abstrusities of texts or orphic sayings, but addresses himself mostly to concrete, vital, timely subjects, the which he decorates with the most fluent and happy devices of literary and oratorical art. With a certain dryness of Yankee mind, though born in England, he fuses something

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JULY CLEARING SALE

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In reference to this Clearing Sale we will say, incidentally, that the prevailing reductions will average 33½ per cent, while much is reduced one-half, and a great deal, even less.

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of oriental sonority and the clearest thought is broadcast o'er with colorful imagery and phrasing, strophic and antiphonal. So far as the religion of his teaching is concerned it may be said that the closest analysis reveals little difference or dissidence between it and the more lyrical aspects of Ethical Culture. He preaches an idealism of Judaism in which the leaven is its pure monotheism; all the rest is something which few of the Fathers in Israel would recognize as implicit in the Scriptures—a sort of neo-Grecian graft of beauty on the old somber Sinaiitic thunner, with a strain, too, of all that we recognize as of the American savor from Emerson to Artemus Ward or Elbert Hubbard. His inspiration comes from to-day. He rather interprets the authorities of his race's past in the light of to-day, then tries to fit to-day to the motives and ideals of the ancients.

Like every intellectual Jew, the Rabbi has something sardonic in his make up that reminds you of Heine; and something of Heinrich's pity and pathos. Something too of intellectual dandyism that recalls Disraeli's literary and sartorial pretiosities. You gather from his preaching an impression of an almost preternatural susceptibility, an agility of mind not inconsistent with firmness of grasp, and some dim idea that but a little more and he would cast off certain bonds and formalities which hamper him in the play of his philosophy. Following him you wonder that the Old Testament holds him even by the light hold it has upon Reformed Judaism. All that is Hebraic in his mind is the large concept of the One God. For the rest he is no more Judean, save in race-spirit, than is Heber Newton or Newell Dwight Hillis.

Dr. Harrison is a religionist of the here and now. His utterances are designed to help men to realize their ideals for those ideals' sake. His religion might

be preached from any Christian pulpit not Catholic and no one of his auditors note any difference except in the absence of certain phraseological tags that are found in all Christian sermons. It is the religion of all sensible men—which sensible men never tell. Judaic it is only because the religion is flavored with the Judaic literature and tradition. His preaching is an intellectual treat—not less, one often thinks, to himself than to his auditors. It is like listening to a musician who is a master of his method. It is to submit one's self to the spell of clear thinking and well digested learning put in the form of superb declamation, and that declamation toned down by the power of the tradition of the sanctity of preaching. Beautifully spoken essays are his sermons with just enough of the sighs by the waters of Babylon and strains from the harp of David to give the effect of the synagogue through evocation of race memories in his hearers. It always seems a little weird, with all its beauty of method, to hear Dr. Harrison weaving sound-tapestries of the newest thought after patterns of the oldest faith of the world and through it all chiming high or sounding deep that fierce pride of race which lacks not echoes of the blast of Joshua's trumpets or the war-cries of the Maccabees.

In another oratorical aspect, too, Dr. Harrison excels—as an after-dinner talker. He has not his superior in the happy style of jollying a crowd into just the mood in which they are most receptive to just the one thought to which a post-prandial speech should tend. In sharp wit, in a racy humor, in a fanciful playing with some whim suggested at the moment and stretched out in a sparkling succession of "hits," the doctor is unsurpassable anywhere. His audiences never want him to stop, but the other speakers do, because not the slightest thing they have

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seized on in the surroundings that is available as material for effective comment escapes his nimble

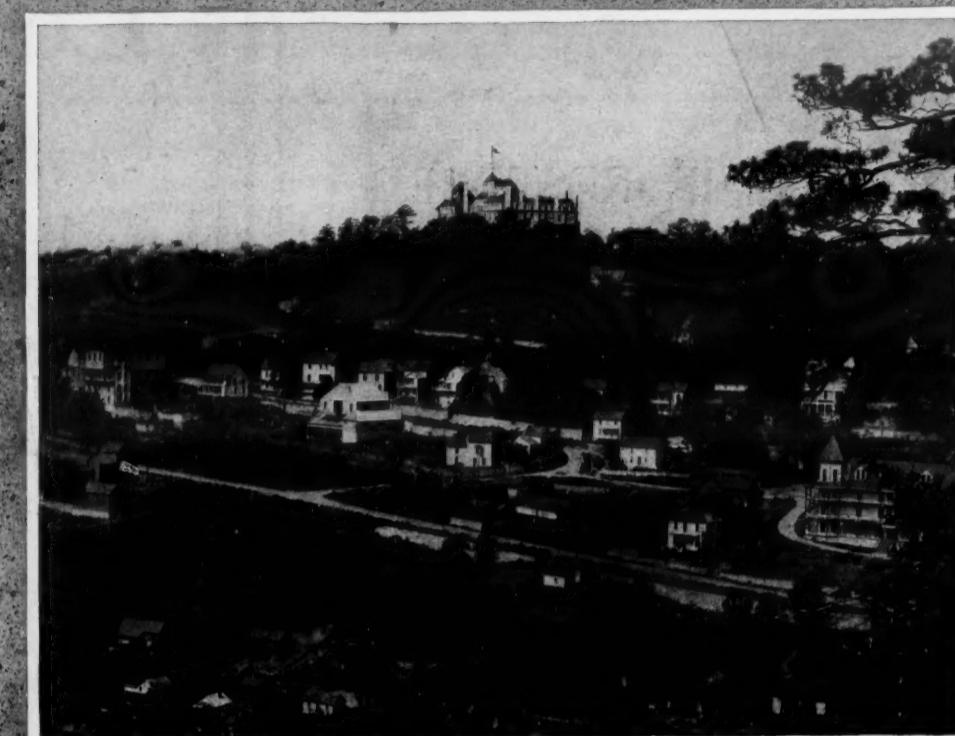
brain. It is this pleasant faculty lightening his more serious moods that makes his speech or address on any occasion one to be remembered as particularly pertinent and spontaneously brilliant.

The Rabbi is a deep and careful student, but he assimilates well his learning, and he gives it off without any trace of labor in its acquisition. His syntheses, his generalizations, his references flow easily, and even his lectures upon the Scriptures by way of exegesis and elucidation of the hidden thought and the life imbedded in the literature are made agreeable by his faculty of clarification. He studies the present not less than the past, and is not less interested in current civics than in the problems of the past thought and purposes of his people. One could wish, however, that his ethic were less aesthetic; that his idealism came closer to popular feeling; that he were less bound in that conservatism which sets too high a value upon material success. But then you can't reasonably look for a radical, reforming rabbi in the pulpit of a swell Jewish congregation, where, if anywhere, it is held sacrilege to challenge the distribution of wealth. The expounder is supplemented in him by the administrator and as a young man of scholastic training his performances have been remarkable in the line of business management of his congregation. Twice he was on the verge of a call to the chief rabbinical position in New York City where his preaching had charmed the intellectual *elite*, but each time his people here would not let him go.

A pronounced social favorite, he is one of those workers who does prodigies—at the last moment. The sermon that spells his auditors at 11 o'clock was not begun until one and not finished probably until three a. m. He works at full steam when he works and he neglects no minor detail of his duties in the way of pastoral visits, just as he never ignores any call to contribute his power to any public cause. His delightful diffident drawl makes his conversation fruitful in surprises and he not only talks well himself, but is the cause of good talk in others. His democratic manners are an attraction to many people, even if they sometimes shock the old fogies of his faith. His tact is crisply quick and his trick of turning a compliment almost Irish. His appreciations are generous and spontaneous, and when he would be severe he can talk like cold steel. He is a man of the world in his outdoor life, though without compromise of those—well, those empirical standards which the clergy have to stand by and proclaim.

It detracts not one whit from his abilities and attractiveness that his carriage convinces you he does not lack a good opinion of them on his own account. He is conscious of his gift, but the consciousness manifests itself actually in nothing more than easy sureness of himself on every occasion, whether officiating at a wedding or voicing his people's grief and rage over Kisheneff or uttering a lamentation of noble woe over the fall of a man like William McKinley. It is the exaggeration of this trait into something of burlesque superciliousness that constitutes the *motif* of Mr. Bloch's caricature of the Rabbi, under whom it is his wont to sit on Sabbath.

In sheer intellectual apperception there is no equal of Dr. Harrison in this city. His brightness is not gained at the expense of depth. His are the characteristic gifts of his race—a supersensitiveness of response to the slightest appeal to the intellect, an inordinate keenness in seizing ideas, a capacity for getting the best out of one's own resources, and withal a range of mind that must have become hereditary in the people through the soarings and sweepings of thought while their bodies were confined in mediaeval ghettos. St. Louis doubts if there is any Rabbi in the United States, since Gottheil and Wise, of New York and Cincinnati, who outranks Leon Harrison in any of the qualifications that made them great leaders and exemplars to their people, and made their lives and personalities an effective plea for justice to the great wronged and misjudged race to which they



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FRISCO

belonged. If only he were not so wedded to the sort of patriotism that grows eloquent upon the Declaration and the Constitution and fails to note that privilege still prevails and the many suffer and sweat in servitude to the few, making, as his forefathers did, "bricks without straw" under crass, wealth-gorged, taskmaster corporations!

But he has only lately "come to forty year."

Blue Jay on Vacation

THIS week's issue of the MIRROR contains no letter from the ever fascinating and frisky "Blue Jay." That communicative and commentative person is on a little vacation, thinking up things titillating to tell about people of this good old town. MIRROR readers are very fond of "Blue Jay" without having determined exactly the age, sex or previous condition of servitude of the wearer of the pen name, and they will unite in rejoicing over the news that the scintillant epistles over that signature, smart without being scandalous, and sharp without being malicious, will be resumed in next week's number of the paper. There has never been in any St. Louis paper a department of social criticism that has

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been so steadily held on a plane above scurrility and sensationalism, and never one in which the matter of society small talk has been dealt with in a manner that elevates a mere social chronicle of small beer into a performance of real literary distinction. Not without pardonable pride in the discovery does the MIRROR declare "Blue Jay" among the most notable journalists of the city and country. The writer whom that name conceals is read with relish in every city in the United States and in all the capitals of the world. The exiled St. Louisan, wherever he or she may be, at Dawson City, in Melbourne, Johannesburg, Singapore, Tokio, Helsingfors, any old place, keeps in touch with St. Louis "folk as is folks" through "Blue Jay's Chatter."

* * *

The Man and the Snake

By E. Mirrieles

ALL round the circle of the hills the dazzling sky pressed down unclouded to the touch of the parched rim-rock. Between the hills the shallow basin lay baked and breathless. Over it the tense air quivered with heat. Within, no bird fluttered nor water purled nor green plant raised its head. Only the desert children, sage-brush and grease-wood and long-spined cactus, gray but never dying, lived on there in the drought, sterile and forbidding as the land which gave them birth.

Everywhere was silence upon the place, everywhere was immobility, save where the man lay and where beside him the bound snake whirred and writhed and rattled in the impotent fury of fear.

The man lay stretched on the hot earth stark naked, his face turned to the sky. A buckskin thong passed across his throat and was drawn taut between two roots of sage-brush. The noose which held his ankles was secured about a clump of grease-wood and both arms, thonged at the wrists, stretched wide

as in crucifixion. Heavy bands of buckskin spanned his body so that to the prisoner there were left but two possible movements. He could turn his head from side to side, facing on the one hand the snake, on the other the miniature forest of sage-brush; and he could clench and unclench his pinioned hands.

In this last freedom the final ingenuity of savage captors had found expression. With the left hand tight clenched, the snake's wild stroke fell just short of its aim. Should sleep or insensibility relax the fingers, the reptile's head might overlap them.

Since early morning, through the increasing heat of the day, the man had lain there, grim and silent as the gray hills around him, save when now and then he raised his hoarse voice in defiant shouts. The snake, on the other hand, struggled and fought unceasingly against the cord which held him, striking impartially at it, at the just removed fingers or at the wooden stake to which the cord was tied, groveling his body in the sandy earth, writhing and tugging with protruding tongue, and all the while translating in whirr and hiss the blind fear of his captivity.

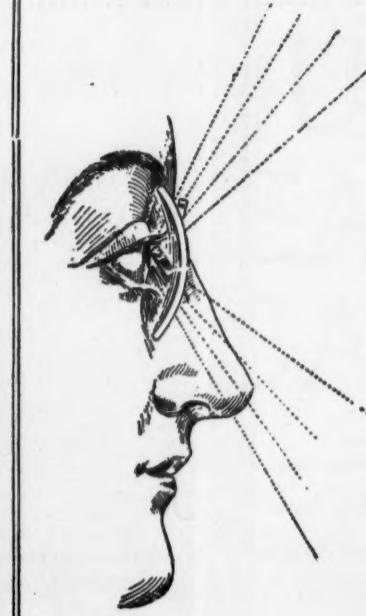
Sometimes the man turned his head to watch; once or twice when the snake's movements flagged he slightly stirred his fingers in the sand, the ruse each time rewarded by the swift spring and fruitless stroke. But mostly he lay still, all his mind bent on endurance.

The man had been placed there to die. He knew it and the knowledge tinged his thoughts with a strange curiosity. There were three ways in which death might reach him; through the snake, through sunstroke or by the weary route of thirst and hunger. The second and quickest of these ways the light mountain air, vibrantly hot though it might be, rendered improbable. For the snake, it was a part of the man's torment that at any minute he might stretch forth his hand and by the movement invite

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an end, brief indeed, but horrible to the mind, doubly horrible to the strained imagination.

There was one other chance. An unexpected rain-storm, a heavy night dew in that barren place, would so stretch the slender buckskin thong which held the rattler that unaided he might reach and strike his victim. This was the element of uncertainty in the grim problem. This it was that sent the man's eyes searching the bare horizon with a look half dread, half longing.

On one of these weary journeys of sight a tiny speck of black above the western hills attracted him—a steady pin-point in the dazzling blue. He shut his eyes a moment in order to look again the more intently, and when he opened them, lo! the dark points were two. He watched them uncomprehendingly, as slowly and steadily high in air they moved from west to east. When at last in mid-heaven the sun's sheer strength beat down his gaze, he was the lonelier for loss of this one sign of movement.

The sense of heat had by now grown into anguish. The man's exposed body drew and quivered beneath the sun's rays as though each inch of it were endowed with a separate life. Unseen insects brushed and fluttered upon it, leaving beneath their light pressure a trail like fire on the blistered surface. The snake lay prone, exhausted almost beyond striking. The man, noting it, smiled grimly and scraped his fingers noisily in the loose earth. As the snake whirled to front the challenge, he curled his hand close with a taunt for its futile effort.

He was thus engrossed when suddenly across his face swept a sense of delicious coolness. He turned his head; close above him, almost within touch of a free hand, a great black bird, carrion in every movement, hovered on steady, outspread wings. Its shadow fell across his face; its eyes, beadlike and glistening and greedy, looked straight into his own.

For an instant they stared thus, man and bird. Then with a cry the man flung himself against his bonds, struggling and straining at them for escape from this new horror. On his body, dry till now, the sweat poured forth in streams. Blood gushed from his nostrils. With shrieks, with oaths, with stumbling words of prayer, he fought against the fate which held him.

Not once but many times the struggle was repeated. When at last, exhausted, his convulsed body fell back to quiet, the bird was gone. Shudderingly the man raised his eyes. Far up, half lost in blue, but ready, tireless, it hung above him.

"God!" breathed the prisoner, "God!" and turning his blanched cheek to the sand, he fell into a sort of sleep.

All through the waning day he slept, through the approach of night and the swift desert change from heat to cold. When he awoke the first pale amethyst of dawn was in the sky. The snake was sleeping, not as snakes are wont to sleep in freedom, head tucked to tail and sinuous fold lapping on fold, but with his swollen body back-thrown and stiffened against the stake which held him, caught mid-struggle by insensibility.

The man turned his head to face him.

"Hey, rattler!" he called cheerily, and scraped some grains of sand toward the recumbent body.

But when he saw the start and shudder with which the creature awoke, the anguish of returning consciousness, suddenly he was sorry for his act. When the snake, writhing round, struck at its cord, quivering from head to tail, he would have given an hour of his own rest to have restored the sleep which he had broken.

The sun rose presently. Again the weary panorama of the day unrolled before the eyes of the two victims. The snake was quiet, weakened by his long struggle. The man, strengthened by sleep, restored by the night's cold, held himself strongly in hand.

Sometimes, indeed, the growing heat drew from his lips a broken sigh. Sometimes birds, many now, swooped low around him with hoarse cries and flapping of heavy wings; at such times his whole body grew tense beneath the stress of almost uncontrollable disgust and terror. But he lay still. Not for his reason's sake dared he again give way to the expression of fear. It was a comfort to him in these moments that the snake showed no apprehension of their gruesome neighbors or eyed them only with the avid eyes of hunger. Watching the indifference of the reptile, the man feared less. Fixing his eyes upon it, he could hold hard to sanity and to endurance, though around him perched and hovered the vulture ministers of death.

But as the morning passed a new anxiety possessed him. If the snake should die first? It seemed to weaken with every hour and the man trembled. He spoke to it soothingly at times and had, or believed he had, the power of quieting its paroxysms. In his fevered mind he searched haltingly for some knowledge of its needs. Would it live longer for the taking of his life? And if by stretching out his hand he could delay its end, what then of the length-

ening of its pain? Before his dimming eyes, the snake loomed, now a refuge, now a menace. A dozen times, he half relaxed his hand only to draw it quickly close again. Once when the snake fell in its spring, seemingly dead, he thrust the fingers wide with a cry of utter deprivation. When it moved again he drew them in, the instinctive love of life still strong upon him.

A buzzard had risen at his cry and perched on the sage-brush at his head. He studied it quietly for a while, its coarse draggled feathers, its filmed eyes and cruel beak. When the scrutiny had grown intolerable, he strove to shout to scare it from its place. His voice came dry and breathless, scarcely a whisper, and the bird swayed back and forth unmoved.

He closed his eyes after this and for a long time lay still, only rolling his head from side to side that the vultures might not alight upon his body.

At last, when the sun lay low on the horizon, he ceased the movement and again looked about him. Overhead a cloud of birds, scared by the sudden quiet, hung high in air; swarms of ants and lesser insects crawled and fed upon his arms and body; the sage-brush all around rustled with pungent dryness and to the west the sky burned hard and bright as burnished copper.

For a long minute he waited. Then, with a sobbing breath, he flung round, straining his body against the cords which held him.

The snake too had moved. The thong that bound it was drawn taut and painfully it had thrust its swollen head across the fingers. It lay thus, outstretched, not striking, its glazing eyes on the man's face.

And while they lay so, suddenly there came to pass the impossible, the one uncounted chance. From far across the desolate sage-brush desert, sounded to them the barking of a dog.

It came near and with it the creak and grinding of heavy wheels. The man strove to cry out and, failing, gnawed desperately at his baked lips and tongue. When the feeble trickle of blood which paid his efforts had moistened his dry throat, he raised his voice in shrill and terrible cries. Above him at the sound the startled birds swirled to the west. The snake, too weak to spring, had yet dragged himself to a coil, his flat head raised in air.

Between his cries the man could hear the abrupt stopping of the wagon, the confused exclamation of men's voices. Next instant the dog's moist breath whiffed on his forehead and a man's face bent to his

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own. There was a sudden tightening of the buckskin thongs as a knife passed beneath them, its cool blade searing like fire on the blistered flesh. Hands dragged him from his place. A man on either side, he was held erect. Through a maze of pain and weakness, he could hear the comment of his rescuers.

"Alive, all right!"

"God! He'll die on our hands."

"Carry him to the wagon!"

"Look out! Step wide of the rattler!"

Hands beneath his shoulders, they bent to the task of lifting him.

The sufferer sent out a groping hand in protest. He swallowed hard, struggling to speak. His naked foot thrust close—perilously close—to the fanged head of the snake.

"Turn him loose, too," he commanded.

—From *The Argonaut*.

* * *

Our Government

(From the Greek.)

By Bolton Hall

PLATO, having laid a brick in the path, stood aside to see what might befall.

The first man who stumbled over it said nothing, but went his way.

"There," said the Philosopher, "is a Conservative Citizen, the backbone of our Institutions!"

The next one fell on his face, and railed upon the Tetrarch, but he also left the brick, and went on his way.

"That is a Good Government man," said Plato. "He will one day found a Goo-Goo Club!"

The third also broke his shins, and having called upon Plato, removed the brick from the path.

"That man," said Plato, "is a Reformer, he believes in doing 'ye nexte Thinge.'"

Then Plato replaced the brick in the path.

But a certain man came along and when he had stubbed his toe, he took up the brick and hurled it at the Philosopher.

"That," said Plato, as he dodged the brick, "is an Anarchist; he is dangerous to the Government."

(But he was not, he was only a Nihilist.)—*New York Life*.

* * *

The Torch

By Elisabeth R. Finley

THE God of the Great Endeavor gave me a torch to bear.

I lifted it high above me in the dark and murky air

And straightway, with loud hosannas, the crowd acclaimed its light

And followed me as I carried my torch thro' the starless night;

Till mad with the people's praises and drunken with vanity

I forgot 'twas the torch that drew them and fancied they followed me.

But slowly my arm grew weary upholding the shining load

And my tired feet went stumbling over the hilly road

And I fell with the torch beneath me. In a moment the flame was out!

Then, lo! from the throng a stripling sprang forth with a mighty shout,

Caught up the torch as it smouldered and lifted it high again

Till fanned by the winds of heaven it fired the souls of men!

And as I lay in darkness, the feet of the trampling crowd

Passed over and far beyond me, its peans proclaimed aloud,

While I learned, in the deepening shadows, this glorious verity:

'Tis the torch that the people follow, whoever the bearer be!

—From *The New England Magazine*.

* * *

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Summer Shows

Undoubtedly, the best attraction of the summer season thus far at Delmar Garden has been "Erminie." The vitality of this production is marvellous. It is doubtful too, if, even in the days of its original great hit, it was ever put on with a more generally competent cast. The old songs, which ravaged the country when first rendered are still fresh and sweet. Conspicuously clever in this production are John E. Young, the comedian, and Miss Rhoda, but this is not to say that the other parts are not all well taken. Mr. William Herman West displays remarkable finesse in his role and Mr. William Riley Hatch is also notably good. In fact, there is not a member of the company who is not deserving of mention for his, or her, efforts this week. The presentation seems to be a contest between them all to put forth their very best. The performance of "Erminie" surely is the high-water mark of summer opera in this city, where that form of entertainment has had its origin and its most distinguished successes.

Next week's production at Delmar will be "El Capitan," with all of Sousa's swing.

For the last week of her engagement at Suburban Miss Amelia Bingham presents the comedy, "Mrs. Jack." The performance is thoroughly different from those with which the troupe has regaled us heretofore. It comes very close to being simply farce, but it serves as an excellent medium whereby the company may rest itself up after a long period of more serious work. All the members of the cast seem to be thoroughly in rapport with the spirit of the play and with the star, though it must be said they are a little more earnest than artistic. Walter Gilbert shines with especial brilliancy and, of course, Morris McHugh carries off the honors of the humorous features. Miss Lisle Leigh revealed new powers as a villainess and Miss Adelyn Wesley discovered herself as possessing the gift of rare Irish comedy. Altogether, the performance ends up the Bingham engagement in good style and tops off the pleasure of its stay here with a gale of laughter.

Next week the Suburban will have as an attraction Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, with an excellent company, in their interesting melodrama "The Moth and the Flame."

At Forest Park Highlands, Kryl and his remarkable band are renewing the excellent popular impression they made upon their appearance some weeks ago. The programmes are unique and cover a wide range of musical interest.

The musical attraction at the Highlands is further enhanced by the offerings of the LeBrun Grand Opera Trio, the chief member of which Miss Antoinette LeBrun, is familiar to music lovers generally from her association with the Savage Company. The Bedouin Arabs in acrobatic and posturings, the Brothers Damm in startling calisthenics, Paul Kleist, in black-face comedy and Irene Franklin, a singing comedian, fill up a program which affords the Highlands' patrons the most exquisite delight.

At the Alps they have Eugene Cowles this week, and although Mr. Cowles is considered a bad-weather bird, who always brings rain, the concerts are crowded with his admirers. Cowles is one of the greatest bassos of this country, a second Edouard De Reszke, and a thoroughly musicianly singer. One of the best songs the music-world knows, "Forgotten," is his own composition, and he sings it as an encore many times, because hundreds of requests are made for it.

Next week's singer will be Cecilia

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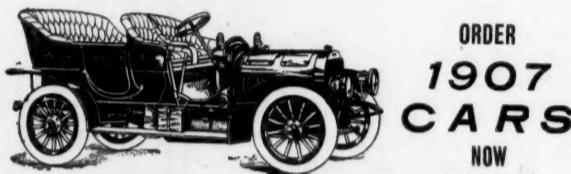
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Hammond's
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Kelley, a Warrensburg, Mo., girl, who is making her debut here. She has a promising future, judging from the compliments that have been paid to her, where she has been heard.

The following week brings the Tyrolean singers, who were here during the World's Fair. Franz Rainer, their manager, returned with them from Europe last spring. They were wonderful favorites at the Alps, and the management engaged them, that their friends may have another opportunity to hear them where they were first heard. H. Clay Townsend, the genial railroad man, is one of their strongest admirers, and knows them all. In fact, what little German he understands he learned from the Tyrolese during the World's Fair.

The Stock Market

After a persistent and extensive downward movement for about four weeks, the Wall Street market is at last developing a more decided degree of stamina in the face of energetic bear attacks. In the last few days, sellers for "short" account seemed to be extremely nervous whenever prices rallied a few fractions and lost no time in getting to shore at dangerous moments. There's pretty good evidence that the market has been sold to almost a standstill. A good deal of discounting of bad features has been done, and it requires the out-cropping of a fresh batch of unfavorable news to justify additional violent attacks on the general list. This may be said, notwithstanding the fact that some industrial shares are still on a highly inflated basis.

It cannot be asserted that the public has been much in evidence during the breaks. The "outside" bargain-hunter was conspicuous by his absence. What support to stocks there was, emanated from the big financial interests more or less closely allied with the Wall street cliques. Staunch features, latterly, were St. Paul, Union Pacific, New York Central, Atchison and United States Steel issues. The wild movements in Amalgamated, which were accompanied by the shrill war whoops of Tom Lawson, had but little effect on the railroad list. Even Pennsylvania which proved one of the flabbiest things in the entire market up to about two weeks ago, met with aggressive buying orders on the occasional small declines. St. Paul rallied about seven points on the circulation of rumors that there would be no further hitch in the financing of the extension to the Pacific coast.

The reaction in the market, which seemed to have reached its culmination, for the time being, last Friday, reached quite extensive proportions. To take some instances: Amalgamated Copper lost 26 points, American Car & Foundry common, 4; American Locomotive, 16; American Smelting & Refining common, 32 $\frac{1}{2}$; Colorado Fuel & Iron, 59; Consolidated Gas, 45 $\frac{1}{2}$; General Electric, 21; New York Air Brake, 30 $\frac{1}{4}$; Pressed Steel Car common, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$; Railway Steel Spring 16 $\frac{1}{4}$; Republic Iron & Steel common, 15; Sloss Sheffield, 28; Tennessee Coal & Iron, 24; United States Rubber, 20; and United States Steel common, 10. The above represent the industrial group. In the railroad list we find equally striking depreciations. Thus, Great Northern declines 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ points; Reading common, 26; New York Central, 14; Union Pacific, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$; St. Paul common, 10; Brooklyn Rapid Transit, 15; Interborough-Metropolitan common, 18. Compared with top prices of the early part of 1906 and of the year 1905, these declines appear still more striking. Thus, New York Central depreciated about 40 points; St. Paul common, 20; and Pennsylvania, 26. The industrial shares, taken as a whole, suffered less than the railroad shares. This is due to the extravagant upward movement

Announcement.

To our friends and patrons, who are under the impression that we intend to move, we hereby emphatically announce that

WE, WERNER BROS., WILL REMAIN PERMANENTLY AT OUR PRESENT COMMODIOUS QUARTERS IN THE REPUBLIC BUILDING, ON OLIVE AT SEVENTH STREET.

We are not connected with any other concern, and shall continue to maintain our enviable prestige through our firmly established reputation for strict integrity and by the broad-minded, liberal business policy that has always characterized our methods. Our merchandise represents the highest degree of exclusiveness, elegance and refinement ever realized in Men's Apparel, and we shall continually endeavor to bring it still nearer absolute perfection. For eight years we have occupied our magnificent store here in The Republic building, where we intend to remain for many, many years to come—constantly, earnestly and honestly striving toward greater achievements by being worthy of them.

Werner Bros.

THE REPUBLIC BUILDING.
ON OLIVE STREET, AT SEVENTH.

**\$20
AND LESS**

From St. Louis to all points Southwest via M. K. & T. R'y, Aug. 7th. Tickets good 30 days returning with stopovers in both directions.

To Dallas, Ft. Worth, Waco, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Corpus Christi, Brownsville, Laredo, and Intermediate points \$20.00
To El Paso and intermediate points, \$26.50

To Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, and Northern Texas points, one fare plus \$2.00, but no rate higher than \$20.00

Correspondingly low rates from all points: From Chicago, \$25.00; St. Paul, \$27.50; Omaha and Council Bluffs, \$22.50.

Write for full particulars.

W. S. ST. GEORGE,
General Passenger Agent M. K. & T. R'y
Wainwright Building.

St. Louis, Mo.



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CARMEN POWDER

is specially devised to meet the peculiar requirements of a brunette complexion. It is so happily effective as to invariably produce a beautiful and satisfying result.

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never "dusts off" never "shows powder" and genuinely improves the condition of the skin. It is exactly that ideal combination which women of refinement appreciate and require.

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has just the delicate blend for natural tones to produce a dainty suggestion of fresh clean color—together with a velvety texture which does not show powder.

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Finest toilet preparation ever produced.

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Made in four shades—White, Pink, Cream and Flesh—by the

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(MAKERS OF FINE TOILET ARTICLES EXCLUSIVELY)

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Any one of these representative druggists of St. Louis will gladly give you a sample box of Carmen Powder.

Judge & Dolph Drug Co., Raboteau & Co., Wolff-Wilson, Johnson Bros., the Enderle Drug Co. (two stores), and the Wright Drug Co., cor Jefferson and Olive. * * *

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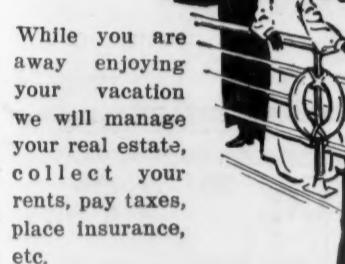
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List your property in our real estate department and it will be carefully managed

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FOURTH & PINE

One feature of A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer. Purity—by a process originated and patented by us, every bottle is sterilized before it is filled, and pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.

which occurred in them since the closing weeks of 1905.

Last Saturday's bank statement added a considerable amount to the surplus reserves, which now stand at \$12,830,800, against \$19,523,250 a year ago on the same date. With but three exceptions, the surplus reserves are the smallest since 1893. Money rates continue unruffled. This must be ascribed to the opinion strongly prevalent in Wall Street that we are in position to draw a large amount of gold from Europe, in case of a severe pinch on this side. Approximately, \$3,000,000 gold has already been engaged in London. Sterling exchange rates are low enough to permit of further withdrawals from Europe, without the interposition of Mr. Shaw, who, it is believed, would not hesitate again to have recourse to his strange artifice of drawing gold hither, should the banks deem it proper to ask for his assistance. The Bank of England will probably let us have some millions more of gold without raising the quotation to any noteworthy extent, as that institution is in a decidedly more comfortable position than it was some time ago.

Domestic crop news is good. No question about that. Indications at present favor a corn crop of about 2,700,000,000 bushels. The spring wheat yield is estimated at 280,000,000 bushels, which would be the second largest on record. The total winter wheat production is but slightly below that of 1905. At the same time, foreign crop news is growing more favorable to the American producer, so that there's some prospect of an upward movement in the quotations for wheat before the lapse of many weeks. All this is of propitious import to the nation, and most particularly to railroads, manufacturers and investors. Barring serious mishaps to the still growing crops between now and September 1st, the railroads will have all the business they can handle for many months to come and the manufacturing industries be rushed with orders. This should mean another upward bull movement in the stock market, one that should overtop the records of prices established in recent flush times.

Will that bull campaign be started, and, if started, prove successful? This is the question which stock speculators are deeply pondering in the vaults of their thinkers. It sounds perfectly reasonable to say that there should be no further declines in prices in the face of splendid crops and prosperity throughout the land. Yet, didn't we have good crops in 1902, and, in spite of that, the beginning of a downward movement in that year which lasted well into 1904, and which foreshadowed and was finally followed by a sharp contraction in the country's business? In monetary respects, prevailing conditions are not much different from what they were in 1902. Money was pretty scarce in that year, just as it is now, notwithstanding the superficial ease in call money which Wall Street is trying to cheer us up with. We must not lose sight of the real estate boom, which is a great absorber of capital. Neither must we overlook the fact that our corporations are compelled to borrow abroad, being unable to obtain financial accommodations at home.

The June production of gold in the Transvaal was 475,975 ounces. This is a new high record. The output for the first six months of 1906 aggregates 2,728,499 ounces. This would be mighty pleasant news for bull speculators but for the depressing fact that the entire civilized world persists in living too high and in borrowing more capital than the mines can produce.

+

Local Securities.

Depression was the main feature of the local market the past weeks. The

WHITAKER & COMPANY,
BOND AND STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty
Direct Private Wire to New York.
300 N. FOURTH STREET, ST. LOUIS.

WE OWN AND OFFER SUBJECT TO SALE

\$50,000.00

Lincoln Real Estate & Building Co.
OF ST. LOUIS.

Consolidated Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds
Dated April 1st, 1905. Due April 1st, 1935.

Interest payable October 1st and April 1st, at the office of the trustee, the
MISSOURI-LINCOLN TRUST CO., ST. LOUIS.

Special Circular on Request.

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W. E. BERGER,
Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

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We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

Are You a Club Member?

If so, you know what it is to pay DUES.
By subscribing to one share of stock in the

Monte-Sano Springs
Improvement Company

now, you will be a charter member and will get DIVIDENDS instead of paying dues, and have the privilege of free admission into Monte-Sano Park; free admission to the finest Bath House in America, Saline and Sulphur Water Baths, and get dividends out of the earnings from the Springs. Pay \$25.00 down, balance in three equal installments, payable within nine months from the 15th of July. The names of all charter members will be cast on Bronze Tablets placed on the Bath House.

For further particulars, write or call on

H. F. VOGEL, President

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UNSURPASSED
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ALWAYS AN ACCEPTABLE GIFT.
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Room 17, Wells Building, Broadway and Olive Street.
Entrance, 309 Olive Street.

FAST SERVICE TO MICHIGAN
Via Illinois Central R. R., daily, beginning June 24th:
Leave St. Louis.....11:45 a. m.
Arrive Petoskey.....6:25 a. m.
Bay View at.....6:28 a. m.
We-que-ton-sing.....7:22 a. m.
Harbor Spring.....7:25 a. m.

♦♦♦

One feature of A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer, Purity—by a process originated and patented by us. Every bottle is sterilized before it is filled and pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.

liquidating movement in New York has hurt quite a number of local plunger, who have been forced to sacrifice their St. Louis holdings, so as to be able to hang on to their Wall Street contracts on the "long" side. Sales were not large in any direction, for the very cogent reason that the demand was at no time strong enough to absorb heavy offerings. Trading was confined to few issues, industrials being especially neglected.

The banking shares were an interesting feature in the daily trading. Declines occurred all round. A strong effort was made to keep Third National pegged at 300, but the price finally broke below that to 299, where 25 shares were let go by a disconcerted and disappointed owner. National Bank of Commerce was under pressure. The price dropped to 308 on but few sales. Missouri-Lincoln changed hands at 131 1/2, and St. Louis Union Trust at 385. For Mississippi Valley 340 is asked, and Commonwealth Trust is 313 1/4 bid, 313 1/2 asked.

The street railway shares also showed a drooping tendency. United Railways common declined to 44. The last sale was made at 44 1/2. The preferred is very dull and slow at 81. The 4 per cent bonds rule at 85 1/2 bid, 85 1/2 asked.

Banks report a good demand for funds, with interest rates somewhat stiffer at 5 1/2 and 6 per cent. Sterling exchange is quoted at \$4.85 1/8. Berlin is 94.78, and Paris 5.18 3/4.

♦♦♦

Answers to Inquiries.
Subscriber, Bonnville Mo.—Amalgamated Copper paid 8 per cent dividends for some time after its incorporation. Sold as high as 130, and copper was quoted at 17 cents a pound at that time. Since then the dividends were reduced to 2 per cent, but they are at the rate of 6 per cent at this time. No, would not recommend investing in these shares.

J. B. H.—Would advise holding Erie common. Stock should move up sharply after a while. Consider it worth more. Earnings satisfactory and should be still more so next winter.

Irlandes.—If you are willing to hold Frisco 2nd preferred indefinitely, as you say, or until it is again taken in hand by a bull clique, you might buy it around the present level. The stock is bound to move up again in the course of time. Earnings good and prospects flattering, but company has to spend millions for improvements urgently needed. Personally, would prefer investing in something else.

♦♦♦

Bal Masque

BY FREDERIC MANNING.

In the avenue the flutes
Lead the motley crew along:
Lovers, strumming on their lutes
Sell their sorrow for a song.

Culumbine and Pantaloan,
Masques and shepherdesses, move
Underneath the silver moon,
And the statues seem in love.

Slender branches weave a net,
Blue, against the silver sky;
And the polished dolphins, wet
In their polished basins lie,

Where the water in the light
Delicately mirrors, pale,
All the moving colors bright
Of our costumes floating frail.

Flutes and masques and statues seem
Not to be at all; but keep
All existence as a dream
On the borderland of sleep.

—The London Outlook.

♦♦♦

Senator Hale, apropos of an awkward remark, said:
"It reminds me of the conversation

♦♦♦

When passing behind a street car,
look out for the car approaching from
the opposite direction.

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PAINT. The outside of your home should
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of two ladies at a reception.

"These ladies were strangers to each other. After a moment's desultory talk the first said rather querulously:

"I don't know what's the matter with that tall, blonde gentleman over there. He was so attentive a while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband you know."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

♦♦♦

ADVANCE CAR TO MICHIGAN
Via Illinois Central R. R., June 6. Regular daily service on and after June 24. Leave St. Louis at 11:45 a. m.

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FAST SERVICE TO MICHIGAN

Via Illinois Central R. R. daily beginning June 24th:
Leave St. Louis.....11:45 a. m.
Arrive Petoskey.....6:25 a. m.
Bay View at.....6:28 a. m.
We-que-ton-sing.....7:22 a. m.
Harbor Springs.....7:25 a. m.

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NO. 3 AT 9:30 A. M.
Through Car Service to Little Rock, Texarkana, Austin, San Antonio, Dallas, Fort Worth, El Paso and Los Angeles, Cal.

NO. 1 AT 2:21 P. M.
For Little Rock, Texarkana and principal intermediate points, making connections for all points in Texas.

NO. 17 AT 9:00 P. M.
MEMPHIS-HOT SPRINGS SPECIAL.—Through Sleepers and chair cars for Little Rock, Hot Springs and Memphis.

NO. 23 AT 7:50 A. M.
Through Cars for points on the Belmont Branch, also for Little Rock.

NO. 25 AT 8:06 P. M.
Through Sleeping Car for Little Rock, making connections for points on Belmont Branch.

NO. 35 AT 5:31 P. M.
For De Soto and intermediate points.

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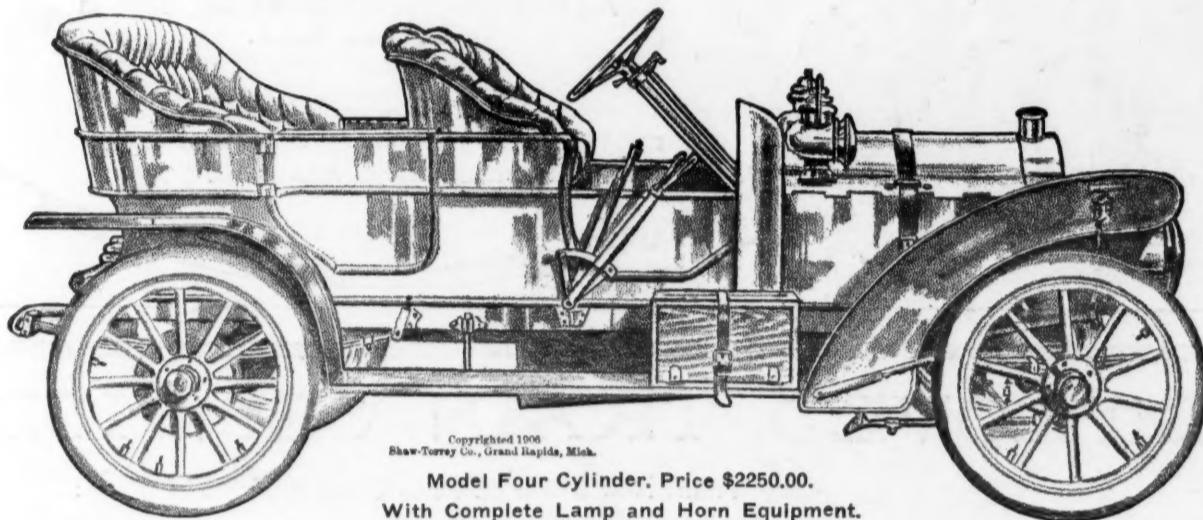
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it makes no difference to the

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On a level road the Model S Olds has more power than you can use, but on the hills and through the sand, this extra power certainly comes in handy.

The Model S is built on the most approved foreign lines: 26-28 h. p., four cylinders, shaft driven, three forward speeds and one reserve, selective type of transmission. A racy, sporty type of car, both in action and appearance.

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